

The Farmington Times AND HERALD.

The Farmington Times Printing Co.

FARMINGTON, ST. FRANCOIS COUNTY, MO., OCTOBER 9, 1902.

Volume 29, Number 41.

Your Children's Feet

Should be of as much importance to you as their health. See to it that they are well shod. Dry feet are necessary to insure good health. Winter will soon be here. Prepare for it now.

Our fall stock of Boots and Shoes is complete. It represents the result of thirty-one years' shoe experience, and contains the best wearing Footwear that manufacturers can produce.

OUR SHOES GIVE SATISFACTION,

J. M. KARSCH SHOE COMPANY,

Cash Shoe Dealers,

Farmington, Mo.

Not One Tyrant but Many

From the Boston Brown Book.

Were our sires of the earlier American days made of sterner stuff than ourselves? A hundred and thirty years ago a certain king overseas caused a tax of threepence a pound to be placed on the tea which our ancestors were in the habit of drinking, and furthermore he habomed with a parliament that stood for taxation without representation. Our forefathers objected forthwith. It wasn't a question of the threepence, but of the right of the thing, and a slightly irregular tea party in Boston Harbor, followed by a few other irregularities, was the result. And a successful war of independence was the greatest result of all.

That was round about 1775. In 1902 the American people again find themselves oppressed. This time they are in the grip of not one tyrant but many—the trusts. Not only the right of the thing is at stake, but the cash of the thing. The monopolies offend not alone our conscience but our pockets. With odds the former for a reason our ancestors got up and fought a good fight; with both for an excuse we, their supposedly strenuous descendants, sit still and let a bad thing go on. Verily you can "foot all of the people some of the time." We realize fully that some of these realizefully are duping us and wronging us every hour they exist, but we do nothing to shorten their lives. Where, pray, is the pluck and the active sense of justice that drove that homespun folk of ours to battle?

The Czar of Russia with all his prevarications and might would not for a minute dare to exercise such control over his subjects in the matter of the necessities of life as these trusts exercise over the legitimate wants of the American people. The eighty millions of our great republic suffer silently under their blackmail, and many millions in foreign lands feel the effects of their greed for gold. Morning, noon and night at our tables; in the wards of the city hospital; in the parlors eat and in the millionaire's castle; where the poor man's child dies from lack of nourishing food, and where our soldiers are sailing the main under the Stars and Stripes—everywhere the beef trust, as one example of a trust, for instance, exacts its tribute. For a necessity we are forced to pay the price that a luxuriously commands. French boubons can now be bought cheaper than good beef. And it is not because beef is scarce, but because it is being withheld from us. A controlled market means high prices, and the controllers secure their millions by bleeding the public. Multitudes are forced to deprive themselves of proper food that a handful of men may gloat in monied glory. Competition is crushed out, the law of supply and demand is set at naught; equality, honor, and humanity are as forgotten as if they never existed. The whole world itself can go to the dogs. Nothing matters, so long as a few great corporations can juggle with the markets.

Would these great grandfathers of ours have long tolerated such a condition of affairs? No. Men think they would have marched, twenty abreast, straight to the packing houses of these commercial tyrants and turned their sentries out into the street. And they would have said: "Let the consequences take care of themselves." Which may sound revolutionary to a degree, only that revolutions in these days should be achieved by men's heads, and not by their hands. Surely the downing of these trusts is not so Herculean or hopeless a thing for us to attempt as that task which confronted a few thousand raw farmers a hundred and thirty years ago.

Ye Spinal Column

Being a Column Devoted to Those Things which Make the Little Thrills of Mirth Grace One another Up and Down the Backbone.

Some mothers spare the rod and spoil the slipper.

There is about as much excitement in hugging an old maid as there is in squeezing a babe of hay.

The vulgar call good fortune which really was produced by the calculations of genius—Enter. Who courts and goes away. Lives to court another day. But who wins and courts girls still. May get to court against his will.

A small boy, required to write a sentence containing the word "hominy," produced the reply, "Hominy marbles have you?"

"I'm in a sea of love and delight," said Jimmie. Just then her father entered with the sooth-saying suggestion. "Then I" too she added, young man."

Teacher—"How is the earth divided?"

Bright Girl—"Between them that's got it and between them that wants it."

The janitor in one of the Port-Hudson public schools, coming into the class-room one day recently, saw on the blackboard this sentence, "Find the greatest common divisor." "Hello," he says, "is that blamed thing lost again?"

"They call vocal lessons 'voice-voicing' now, William."

"Is that so? Well, I'm going to write a polite note and ask that girl down stairs to place her voice across the street instead of up in our air shaft."

ANECDOTES OF FAMOUS MEN.

Before the battle of Naseby a cavalier was urging the king not to risk himself in the conflict. "Think sir, of the loss to the nation." "Quite right," replied Charles, "I may lose a crown, but the nation would lose a sovereign."

King Arthur was moved to tears. "Sir Salathiel," he sobbed, "is dead!" "Say not so," quoth the jester of the court. "Say rather he is enjoying a good Knight's rest."

COMPLETED PROVERBS.

"Beware of the widder," but still more of the ingenue.

"Opportunity knocks once at every man's door," but often makes sure the man is out before knocking.

"Man's greatest strength is shown in standing still," and letting others hustle for him.

"Everything comes to the man who waits," except that for which he waits.

"The exception proves the rule." we want it to prove.

HOW HE DID IT.

Akansas Mother (to her son)—Did you get up and see the Weekly Warhoop, like you figured on doing?

Son (back from town)—Yessum. Seen him aeditin, too.

"Lawy! How'd he do it?"

"Wall, shucks! It ain't nothing."

"Wall, shucks! I hain't nothing."

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